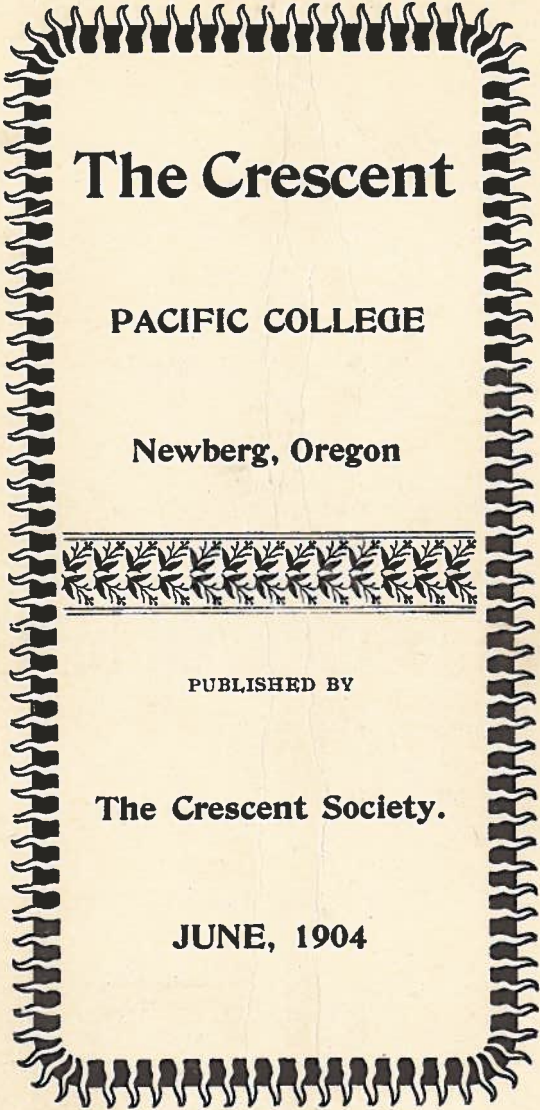


XV 9

Marion Blue



# The Crescent

PACIFIC COLLEGE

Newberg, Oregon



PUBLISHED BY

The Crescent Society.

JUNE, 1904

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For Information Address,

**Edwin McGrew, President.**

## **PACIFIC COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.**

A Review of the Various Exercises of the Week, Which Mark the Culmination of a Year of Successful Work.  
Good Outlook for Next Year.

Another year of good work in Pacific College has come to a close and another class has "commenced." The work of the past year has been badly interrupted and finished under difficulties, but "Night brings out the stars," and the day which succeeds is all the brighter. Acting President Lewis has proven a friend, indeed, to the institution in the absence of President McGrew, and deserves great credit for his self-sacrificing labor.

The exercises of the week have been attended by that combined spirit of joy and seriousness—joy over the successful termination of a hard year's work and seriousness at the thought of ties of friendship to be sundered.

Conditions will be different next year, but the Board of Managers feels that great things are in store for the college and that better work will be accomplished than ever before.

#### LADIES' ATHLETIC DRILL.

On Saturday afternoon a large crowd of friends of the college assembled in the gymnasium to witness the annual physical culture drill, given by the girls of the college under the direction of Miss Britt. At 2:30 the young ladies marched in and after a few maneuvers commenced their first number, a ball drill. About 28 girls took part in this drill and they certainly presented a charming spectacle as they tossed the balls around to music. This drill lasted for about 15 minutes and was followed by the flag drill.

This was certainly the best drill ever given by the Physical Culture department and it was appreciated very highly by all present. The girls used flags of the college colors and their movements drew merited applause from the spectators. Perhaps the prettiest part of this number



was seen when they all marched to the center of the gymnasium with their flags crossed till the whole center of the floor was a mass of Old Gold and Navy Blue.

These drills certainly were a credit to the young ladies and Miss Britt, all of whom have been working very faithfully practicing for this exhibition.

O. H. J.

ANNUAL BASEBALL GAME.

The annual ball game between the alumni and undergraduates was played Saturday afternoon before a big crowd of spectators. It was almost a ladies day. The fair sex was out in force and as the ladies enjoy heavy batting the players did their utmost to please them. Never before was there a heavier bombardment. The ball was clouted over into the canyon, it was lifted into Woodward's cherry orchard, it was whacked here and driven there, until it had explored thoroughly all the adjacent territory. The game was anything but featureless—and errorless.

Being in practice however the college boys found the ball from the start, and while the alumni were getting used to the stick,

the collegians took a lead which they kept until the end of the game. The score keeper was the busiest man on the ground but stood up to his work nobly until the last, fainting from exhaustion when the strain was finally over. For lack of space the score is not given, the college winning at the rate of almost 2 to 1.

The actors were lined up as follows:

Alumni	College
G. E. Metcalf, '00..... c.....	M. Blair
C. B. Wilson, '97..... p.....	Tyra Hutchens
F. C. Jackson, '99..... ss.....	J. A. Kramien
O. K. Edwards, '96..... 1 b.....	C. Blair
A. C. Stabrough, '98..... 2 b.....	W. Pemberton
W. C. Woodward, '98..... 3 b.....	Paul Maris
D. D. Coulson, '00..... r f.....	R. Pemberton
O. R. Maris, '00..... c f.....	R. Cahill
T. W. Hester, '98..... 1 f.....	Newman
Umpire, Roy Heater.	

RECEPTION TO THE SENIORS BY THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

The annual reception given to the Seniors by the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. was held in the gymnasium Saturday evening. The building was beautifully decorated with vine maple, roses and the college colors. The guests were welcomed by association presidents, Miss Bernice Woodward and Walter Miles. A short time was spent in having a general good time, after which the word was passed around that the Seniors were wanted

upon the upper seats of the amphitheatre. Unsuspectingly they took their places in the exposed position, high above the common crowd in the pit below. After the Seniors had thus been secured and escape was impossible, Prof. Albertson appeared. With the air of a showman, exhibiting for the first time the undomesticated gentleman from that famous isle across the seas, he began to introduce them one by one to the appreciative audience. After the name of the illustrious person, came a short sketch of his life His characteristics were commented upon, his virtues were extolled, and some of his faults were mentioned. Then came his prospects in life, without exception very bright. There is only one cloud upon the future outlook of the class. This is that it is impossible for one member ever to become president of the United States, he having been born in Denmark.

After the introduction, neatly written programs of the evening were passed around, and were followed by a period of general conversation. This was followed by music with whispered conversation. Base ball with excited

conversation ensued. This is a new card game, played in Newberg for the first time. Partners were now chosen, by a novel method, and refreshments were served in the form of ice cream and cake.

L. L. S.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

A large audience filled the Friends church Sunday morning and listened to an unusually able and thoughtful Baccalaureate sermon delivered by Acting President C. E. Lewis. The congregations of other churches in town were in attendance, the different pastors assisting in the exercises. The services were opened with an organ voluntary, played by Mrs. C. B. Wilson, followed by the congregational hymn, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." A beautiful anthem, "Come Holy Spirit," was rendered by the choir, and following the sermon, Mrs. O. K. Edwards sang effectively a very pretty solo.

In opening his discourse Prof. Lewis spoke of the limitless wealth of God as having but one purpose—the enrichment of human life. The exquisite glow of the sunset, the wealth of field and forest and mine are



tor us. But they mean much more than material wealth. They are messages of that higher power of life and love upon which all should lay hold. Complete development is found only in service and service should be energized by the motive power of love. The fully developed life is far too rare.

The speaker made a searching comparison of conditions past and present, industrial, social, intellectual and religious—emphasizing the great revolution which has taken place and its relation to the church. The problem of the church to-day was clearly presented. The pulpit is no longer the dispenser of general information and knowledge as formerly. The multitudes go elsewhere for enlightenment and entertainment. The world goes no more to the church. Will the church take the gospel of liberty and victory to the world?

Speaking more directly to the assembled students Prof. Lewis said, "As you go forth to service, remember that your Father will supply all your needs." Great issues are not settled by politicians and statesmen, but by earn-

est, sober and educated thought and action in the ranks of the people. Take up your large responsibilities with much faith and go forth to courageous endeavor.

On Sunday evening the annual address before the Christian Associations was delivered by Rev. Clark Pemberton of Scotts Miles. The theme of the sermon was success in life, fancied and real. He showed forcibly by illustration that wealth, influence, position nor intellect are criterions of true success. All are good and may be used to noble purposes, but the prime requisite is the indwelling of that spiritual life and power—which links man with God and crowns him the final victor in life's struggle.

#### CLASS DAY.

There has always been "something doing" when the class of 1904 was interested, and class day, Monday evening, was no exception. The exercises were held in the gymnasium, an ideal place. The side opposite the amphitheatre was curtained off as a stage for a space of about ten feet from the wall, while the audience packed to standing

room the remainder of the building. "Oh, I'm afraid we don't know how."

The first number on the program was a selection by the "orchestra." This consisted of the entire class, with Calvin Blair as baton swinger. There was much tuning of instruments and adjusting of music racks, on which copies of popular magazines, such as Puck, Judge, etc., were much in evidence. At last they got down to business, and the audience was treated to some really good music, while Calvin Blair vigorously wielded the baton over a large physical geography. They were loudly encored.

The next number, "How it was planned," proved to be a Sophomore class meeting, at which a certain recital was discussed. In this the intrepid Seniors had the audacity to take in vain the names of seven illustrious Sophomores.

A recitation by Calvin Blair expressed the state of mind of the Juniors, as they feel the responsibility of Seniorhood falling upon them. This feeling was summed up in the following words, which ended each verse:

"Oh, I'm afraid we don't know how."

"All we know" was the title of a good number. When the curtain was withdrawn it disclosed the Seniors seated around a table, reviewing the few things they have learned during the years spent at old P. C. Jokes were recalled whose principals ranged all the way from tender Freshmen up to ostentatious Juniors. Nor were the Faculty spared. Many an old, forgotten chapel talk was brought to light.

A rousing song by the class, "1904," was given, in which the glories of the class were extolled.

The great feature of the evening was "The winter's diversion," in seven scenes, which was a comedy presenting the various experiences of the winter when smallpox worked havoc in the college and boarding hall.

Scene one showed four of the leading physicians of the town in consultation, endeavoring to decide whether the new disease was chicken pox or smallpox. Scene two pictured the famous exodus from Canyon Hall. Scene three—a room in Dr. Min-



thorn's office, with Gertrude Minthorn busily answering repeated telephone calls, when came Dr. Littlefield, in the person of Aubrey Kramien, and settled the matter, "It is smallpox." Scene four was "The latest fad." Elizabeth Kirk quietly fainted away while Dr. Minthorn, in the person of Marvin Blair, was vaccinating her with a carving knife. Scene five, "Behold it," gave a graphic picture of the ravages of the disease. Scene six, "Killing time," was a quiet game of finch. Scene seven, the grand finale, pictured that joyful time of fumigation.

All unite in delaring that class day of 1904 was a success.

L. L. S.

ACADEMIC GRADUATION EXERCISES

The graduating exercises of the Senior Preparatory Class were held in the Friends church on Tuesday afternoon of Commencement week. There were ten graduates from this department, and the exercises were a pronounced success. After the orations had been spoken, Prof. O. C. Albertson gave a very interesting address to the class. His main thoughts were: "Find

yourself before you decide upon an occupation for life. Don't specialize too soon. It is not so much what you are going to do as what you are going to BE that really counts." Following is the program as given:

- Invocation..... Rev. F. C. Stanard
- Oration..... "The Two Ways" Sara E. Knight.
- Oration..... "Character Supreme" Tyra A. Hutchens.
- Oration..... "Great Books As Life Teachers" Elsie L. Mackie.
- Piano Duet, "Radiouse Grand Waltz"..... Gottschalk Mrs. C. B. Wilson and Miss Jessie Britt.
- Oration..... "Decorative Arts of Different Nations" Alice B. Hayes
- Oration..... "What Is Worth While?" Elizabeth H. Withycombe.
- Vocal Solo..... Selected Mrs. O. K. Edwards.
- Oration..... "Giving What We Have" Mable E. Rush.
- Oration..... "Triumphs of Labor" Caroline H. Withycombe.
- Piano Solo, "Romance"..... Moszkowski Mrs. B. De Tar Albertson.
- Presentation of Diplomas.....
- Class Address..... Prof. O. C. Albertson
- Benediction..... Pres. C. E. Lewis

CLASS ROLL.

- |                   |                          |
|-------------------|--------------------------|
| Grace A. Finley.  | Elsie L. Mackie.         |
| Edna G. Forsyth.  | Ralph W. Maris.          |
| Alice B. Hayes.   | Mable E. Rush.           |
| Tyra A. Hutchens. | Caroline H. Withycombe.  |
| Sara E. Knight.   | Elizabeth H. Withycombe. |

ANNUAL ALUMNI PUBLIC.

One of the enjoyable features of Commencement week was the Alumni Public, held Tuesday evening, June 21. The program was short, but excellent, and was listened to by an appreciative audience.

After a piano duet by Miss Jessie Britt '99 and Mrs. Wilson, a paper was given by Ore L.

Price '97 on "Unionism." He said that the foundations of Unionism are true and eternal; that the unions to-day are corrupt is not the fault of the foundation principles. The cry then must be, and is: "Back to the original foundation."

A paper, "Some Unsolved Engineering Problems" by H. S. Britt, '97, was read. He reviewed some of the achievements of the mechanical world in recent years, and gave glimpses of some of the things which remain for future years. One of the things he mentioned is the production of "cold light," for in producing light so much unnecessary heat is produced. He said "When we find how the moonlight is made, or how the firefly manufactures his evening glow the problem will be almost solved." He referred to another almost unexplored field, the navigation of the air.

The program closed with a piano solo by Miss Britt. E. L.

COLLEGE COMMENCEMENT.

The public exercises of the week culminated Wednesday morning in the regular Commencement exercises. The church

was simply but tastefully decorated in white roses and maiden hair ferns.

The musical part of the program deserves mention. Mrs. Wilson and sister Miss Gardner played a piano duet, "Romeo und Julie" by Bellini and Mrs. Albertson rendered a selection from Chopin. Two vocal solos, "Bedouin Love Song" by Pinsuti, and "Only in Dreams" by de Koven, were rendered in an excellent manner by Mr. N. C. Zan of Portland. His work was greatly appreciated.

The class oration was delivered by Marvin Blair on "The Greatness of Little Things," and he handled an old subject in a manner refreshingly original. Treating the subject first from a scientific standpoint, he drew a close spiritual application. What the world needs is not more great men but more who will hand the cup of cold water in His name; who will live the life of love and sympathy among their fellows; who will say "In your Gethsemane you are not alone." The practice of the every day Christian virtues is demanded for the attainment of



that high type of Christian citizenship in which is to be realized the salvation of the world.

The address to the class was delivered by Rev. F. W. Cliffe of Salem upon the subject, "The Excellency of a Christian Education." He expressed a strong belief in the Christian college as heart culture is as important as that of intellect. He referred to the Christian Education in the broad sense, and showed how it places us in touch with the life of the world. It annihilates time and space and gives us communion with the great and good of all time. Its influence upon the material world is incalculable. Speaking individually, the central principle controls the life. Emerson said "Hitch your wagon to a star." See to it that it is the star of Bethlehem. Invest your ability wisely, throw yourself into the work of the world and you will be crowned with success. The thoughtful address of Rev. Cliffe was well received.

Acting President Lewis conferred the degrees upon the graduates. Upon Marvin and

Calvin Blair, Carrie Turner, Carl Nelson, J. Aubrey Kramien, the degree of bachelor of Science; upon Gertrude Minthorn and Elizabeth Kirk, the degree of bachelor of Arts.

The graduates were the recipients of beautiful floral tributes and many Commencement gifts which admiring friends took pleasure in reviewing.

#### ALUMNI BANQUET.

The annual banquet to the graduates by the alumni was given in the college library Wednesday evening. The room was decorated for the occasion by the undergraduates and was a bower of beauty. A six-course dinner was served. R. W. Kirk, '98, acted as toastmaster, toasts being responded to as follows: "Incoming Class," M. O. Pickett, '00; response, Calvin Blair, '04; "The Gentlemen," Jessie Britt, '99; "Domestic Felicity," C. E. Kirk, '01.

At the business meeting in the afternoon officers for the year were elected as follows: H. M. Hoskins, '99, president; Olive Stratton, '01, secretary; W. S. Parker, '99, vice president and treasurer.

### Sacrifice—The Victory Spirit.

The oration which won for Pacific College first place in the inter-state prohibition oratorical contest of the Pacific Coast, held in Portland, May 27.

One day a ten years' peace came to an end. War was again declared. Two armies were drawn up into battle line. One was Swiss, the other was Austrian; one was a little band of liberty loving peasants, the other numbered its thousands of veteran soldiers. The signal for battle was given. The onset was furious. It was not accompanied by the flash of musketry, nor by the boom of artillery, but by the sound of iron rasping iron, of steel clashing against steel, as men fought hand to hand, each for his own life. But the Swiss were repulsed. The Austrian Hotspurs encircled them. On every side bristled long steel lances which ever drew nearer the center. It was a strategic moment, a time for action; great destinies were trembling in the balance. Out of the midst of the Swiss ranks rushed a man unarmed. As he sprang forward he shouted: "Comrades, I'll open a road for you." With one more bound he threw his body against the bristling front of the enemy and bore to the earth the lances that pierced his breast.

History tells that in 1386 the Austrians were defeated in the battle of Sempach. It was thus, not because the Austrians were cowards, for they fought their best; not because they were outnumbered, for that was not true; but because Arnold von Winkelried turned aside with his own body a few of the lances in their front rank and made a breach into which the Swiss rushed and through which they passed certain death and defeat to life and freedom.

I am not here to sound the praises of Arnold von Winkelried. I seek to add no laurel spray to the wreath that crowns his brow. But would that the Muse of History might to-day breathe afresh upon us the spirit of his life! His was the spirit of sacrifice, of genuine patriotism, of true



democratic kingliness. And the story of this man's death will be told and retold as long as nations love their patriot heroes.

But the spirit of his life was not a new spirit, nor did it die from the thrusts of the Austrian lances. Will you with me draw aside the folds of History's curtain and look at the panorama that passes before us. There runs an axman to carry out the king's command, and look, his ax is already stained with blood. See the guillotine with its heavy blade working up and down the whole day long, and with every downward stroke one more name is added to the roll of martyrs. Here we see the ghastly framework of the gallows; there the cold horror of the dungeon, and yonder the black smoke rising from burning fagots. Off in the background we see the Waterloos and Gettysburgs. Army is pitted against army, man against man, idea against idea, right against wrong. In all of these struggles we see two classes of people—those who live for themselves and those who live for others; and in like order we see the conquered and the conquerors. Yes, those who have been truly victorious have all had the spirit of sacrifice. Listen! You can hear it speak from the ranks of the Swiss battle line, from the rack and gibbet of bygone ages; from the middle cross on Golgotha, "I'll give myself to make a way for you."

All honor to earth's brave few, known or unknown! They stand out from the hazy background of history and shine with peculiar brightness as stars of the first magnitude in the heavens above. Their names are the watchwords of humanity, and marble shafts tower high and white as fit tokens of their matchless lives. You ask me why all this? I answer: It is because these were men who had convictions and who dared to stand by them. Yes, it is because these were men who so loved humanity and so honored God that they sacrificed everything, even life itself, on the altar of a

cause.

"They were men of present valor, stalwart old Iconoclasts, Unconvinced by ax or gibbet, that all virtue was the past's."

We boast of our institutions, of our nation, of our flag, and well we may boast. But do we remember that all this has been bought with a tremendous price? That these are the net earnings of a hundred thousand lives? Today our nation is far up the mountain of civilization, but the road she has traveled has led over steepes of difficulty made low by heroes' hands, across chasms of disunion filled with the bodies of patriots. Columbia lives because heroic blood has drenched her soil. Old Glory waves because men gave their lives to keep her folds from trailing in the dust.

But we have not yet reached the mountain top, and the way is still rough and rugged. We need not look far ahead to see the obstacles that bar the path. No; for this very moment there yawns before us a chasm wider and more deep than any ever formed by the slave trade. We are confronted by a problem of vastly greater importance than any that our nation has before met. You know what I mean. What one of you can be in doubt? Who can stand in the presence of man and before God and ignore the problem of the liquor traffic?

We need take no time in proving that the saloon is bad. It has been tried before the bar of public opinion and convicted. The indictment has included pauperism, poisoned public health, increase of crime, paralyzed industries, laws violated, manhood debauched, womanhood ruined, motherhood blighted, homes desolated and souls damned. Yes, the counts against the saloon run the whole gamut of crimes, legal and moral. All the testimony of all the ages thunders against the monster criminal, and from the court of your own conscience as judge, my brother, comes the sentence, full and steady and strong, "The saloon must die."



To carry out the death sentence means a giant struggle. It is for us to rally the hosts of righteousness for a fight to the death. Our task is not a small one and it will not be easily accomplished. We are not united. Arrayed against us are thousands of men with political prejudice in their hearts, and thousands more whose appetites crave the accursed drink. The almighty dollar still buys and bribes. Newspaper editorials are knocked down to the highest bidder. Yes, our task is great, our enemy is strong, stronger than we are, stronger than our great party leaders, stronger than the whole of the prohibition party, but not stronger than their God.

Shall we surrender? Shall we compromise? Is that modern American patriotism? Are all the heroes dead? Is there no more patriot blood? Men, I appeal to your love for home, for country, for God. Would we rid ourselves of this monster and save our youth? Would we make our nation free indeed? Listen to the voice of the past: Sacrifice is the philosophy of reform.

No, the spirit of the Swiss patriot's life and death was not a new spirit. From the battlefields and victories of the past it came as a rich heritage to the Swiss revolution. Nor did it die then. It lived on and surged in the hearts of American revolutionists. And as we look back over the rough pathway which we have climbed, we see that in every step upward, in every success attained, this spirit has been present urging us on and up. But did that spirit die yesterday? Are we today without the spirit that has conquered through all the ages?

No, as the Lord liveth, the prohibition party is the embodiment of that spirit today. For nearly fifty years it has sacrificed all else for its one great principle. And during this campaign and the next, if need be for another decade; yes, another half century, this God-inspired band of patriots

will endure misrepresentation, slander, abuse and defeat, but on every election day will march in solid phalanx to the polls and with clarion voice say to the rum-cursed humanity about it, "I'll give myself to make a way for you."

Truth sounds the bugle note today and calls for more of these heroes. "Give me more soldiers," she says; "men who love principle, men who love justice, men who care not for money or position, men who are not afraid of the deadly thrusts of public opinion, men who have convictions and will stand by them. Give me a few more men with the spirit of the Swiss patriot, the spirit of sacrifice, the spirit of victory."

WALTER R. MILES, '06.

### Gearhart Conference.

The second annual Y. M. C. A. conference at Gearhart Park was held from May 28 to June 5. Twenty-one school associations were represented. The total number of delegates, leaders and speakers enrolled was 130. Whitman College had the largest delegation, having fifteen men present. O. A. C. came next, with thirteen.

The program for each day was about as follows: At 8 o'clock in the morning two institutes were conducted at the same time. One, led by A. S. Allen of Seattle, was given up to a discussion of the work that confronts the Y. M. C. A. in North America. The other one was devoted to a study of foreign missions, led by Messrs. Hotchkiss, Hill, Leavitt and others. At 9 o'clock the bible classes were conducted. One was a personal workers' class, led by I. F. Rhodes; another was a study in the Life of Christ, led by Reno Hutchinson. The other was led by Mr. Cooper and was a study of the Acts and Epistles. The last two classes followed courses prepared for systematic bible study in association bible classes. At 10 o'clock an association con-



ference was held, in which methods and the machinery of a college association were discussed. At 11 o'clock came the platform address, which was upon some topic of general interest and importance. The afternoon was entirely given up to athletics and recreation.

At 6:15 p. m. delegation meetings were held. At 7 o'clock occurred the life-work meetings. These were held outdoors when the weather would permit. The spot chosen for this was a grassy plat on top of the sand ridge between the hotel and the beach. The same place was used last year and has been named Sunset Crest. While gathered here, the claims of the important missions of life upon young men were presented by some of the ablest leaders and speakers of the conference.

Missionary work was put to the front at the very start and was the most conspicuous topic of the whole conference. There were present sixteen men who had previously signed the Student Volunteer Declaration. Before the conference was over, seventeen others had signed the declaration. The animating missionary spirit of the conference was Willis R. Hotchkiss, who has spent seven years in Africa among the savages doing missionary work. He is a man of strong conviction and intense earnestness, and his soul is aflame with the missionary spirit.

Mr. Clayton S. Cooper, one of the international secretaries, was the presiding officer of the conference. Mr. Cooper won the devotion and admiration of every man.

The leaders were all men of force and ability. Mr. Allen of Seattle was present throughout the conference. Mr. Stone was present the first half. Messrs. Rhodes, Hutchinson, Hill and Leavitt, secretaries in the Portland association, are strong, able men. The speakers secured for special occasions, and who were not present throughout the conference, were men of unusual ability. Mr. Dean,

from Seattle, gave two of the platform addresses.

Dr. Wilson of Seattle presented the ministry as a life work and gave one of the platform addresses. Dr. Little of Chicago, who had been attending the Methodist conference in Los Angeles, reached Gearhart Friday. He spoke three times, illuminating clearly some prevalent philosophical difficulties. Dr. Little is a most thorough student and philosopher. His discussions were of great benefit to the men who heard him. College men think, and Dr. Little discussed some of their theological problems in a way that captured eager attention.

The entire conference was a time of intense study and consideration of religious claims. It was composed of a group of men who beget inspiration that is irresistible. It brought every man in personal contact with a great fund of knowledge of a rare kind.

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### Still Another Victory.

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The last one was the inter-state prohibition oratorical contest, held at Portland May 27. A special car was at the disposal of Newberg delegates, and about forty attended. The contest was held in the White Temple, and three states, Oregon, Washington and California, were represented, Oregon and California each having two speakers and Washington one.

The contest was a success from start to finish (especially the finish), as all who were present from Newberg will testify. The crowd was highly entertained by a good musical program interspersing the orations. Our orator, Walter R. Miles, spoke last and was very well received, the crowd interrupting him with cheers several times during his oration.

At the close of the speaking several of the local option



workers of Portland spoke, but we must confess that, owing to the suspense in waiting for the decision, they did not receive the close attention they would have received under less strenuous circumstances.

At last, however, the decision was announced. Walter R. Miles of Pacific College received first, Charles F. Bazata of Occidental College second and William H. Boddy of Seattle Seminary third, Miles leading with the good margin of four firsts out of a possible six. Immediately Miles was carried off on the shoulders of the Newberg boys amid the deafening cheers of the whole crowd. Miles' next contest is at Indianapolis, where the national contest is to be held, and we believe he will give a very good account of himself there.

The program as given in Portland is as follows:

Invocation.....	Rev. A. Beers, Seattle
Male Quartet.....	
Introduction.....	A. C. Millican, National Traveling Secretary of I. P. A.
Oration.....	William H. Boddy, Seattle Seminary.
Oration.....	Herbert F. White, Philomath College.
Oration.....	Charles F. Bazata, Occidental College.
Vocal Duet.....	
Oration.....	Mary F. Balcomb, Stanford University.
Oration.....	Walter R. Miles, Pacific College.
Male Quartet.....	
Presentation of prizes.....	H. W. Stone

The judges of the contest were: On thought and composition, F. McKercher, B. Lee Paget, Rev. E. S. Muckley; on delivery, E. C. Bronaugh, A. E. Davis, Prof. S. U. Downs.  
O. H. I.

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